



TO CORRECT MIS-REPRESENTATION WE ADOPT SELF-REPRESENTATION.

VOLUME 1.]

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1856.

[NUMBER 6,

Poetry.

Our Father's at the Helm.

BY EMILY HILL.

The tempest was raging, the surging foam
Dashed over the vessel's prow,
And the stormy king rode on the ocean's breast,
With ruffled and furious brow.
In anguish of soul, as the fierce waves roll'd,
Were the crew of that mighty ship,
As one trod the deck with a step erect,
And a smile upon his lip,
"Dost feel no alarm in this terrible storm?"
"Can nothing thy peace o'erwhelm?"
But the boy replied, with a tranquil pride,
"My Father's at the helm."

Now rife are the tempests on solid land,
Aye many and furious too;
The prince of the air hath a mission there,
And a mighty work he'll do;
Destruction is spread on his withering tread,
And anarchy, plague, and woe
Will bolder reign in his dark domain,
And lay the nations low.
And his subjects feel the direful ills
Which on their paths are hurl'd,
And with troubles vex'd how sore perplex'd,
Are once the boisterous world.

Yet how are the Saints of latter days
Exempt from the general strife!
Secure they rest in the beauties west,
Enjoying peace and life;
And they feel composed, though many woes,
And war on earth do reign,
For God's Prophets know how far they'll go,
And the limits of their chain.
And though storms may lie in our onward way,
We can see through the misty film,
And feel secure for a pilot sure—
Our Father's at the helm.

[Mill. Star.

ANECDOTES OF SERPENTS.

We need not go the Valley of Diamonds with Sinbad to find enormous serpents. The companions of other sailors have been swallowed up by those monstrous reptiles, as too-easily proved to the crew of the Malay pros, who anchored for the night close to the island of Celebes. One of the party went on shore to look for betel-nut, and, on returning from the search, stretched his wearied limbs to rest on the beach, where he fell asleep, as his companions believed. They were roused in the middle of the night by his screams, and hurried on shore to his assistance; but they came too late. A monstrous snake had crushed him to death. All they could do was to wreak their vengeance on his destroyer, whose head they cut off, and bore it with the body of their shipmate to their vessel. The marks of the teeth of the serpent, which was about thirty feet in length, were impressed on the dead man's right wrist, and the disfigured corpse showed that it had been crushed by constriction round the head, neck, breast, and thigh. When the snake's jaws were extended, they admitted a body the size of a man's head.

But to see the true boas in their native forests we must cross the Atlantic; and those who are not familiar with the story may have no objection to learn how Captain Stedman fared in an encounter with one twenty-two feet and some inches in length, during his residence in Surinam.

Captain Stedman was lying in his hammock, as his vessel floated down the river, when the sentinel told him that he had seen and challenged something black, moving in the brushwood on the beach, which gave no answer. Up rose the captain, manned the canoe that accompanied his vessel, and rowed to the shore to ascertain what it was. One of his slaves cried out that it was no negro, but a great snake that the captain might shoot if he pleased. The captain, having no such inclination, ordered all hands to return on board. The slave, David, who had first challenged the snake, then begged leave to step forward and shoot it. This seems to have roused the captain; for he determined to kill it himself, and loaded with ball cartridge.

The master and slave then proceeded. David cut a path with a bill-hook, and behind him

came a marine with three more loaded guns. They had not gone above twenty yards through mud and water, the negro looking every way with uncommon vivacity, when he suddenly called out, "Me see snake!" and, sure enough there the reptile lay, coiled up under the fallen leaves and rubbish of the trees. So well covered was it, that some time elapsed before the captain could perceive its head, not above sixteen feet from him, moving its forked tongue, while its vividly-bright eyes appeared to emit sparks of fire. The captain now rested his piece upon a branch to secure a surer aim, and fired. The ball missed the head, but went through the body, when the snake struck round with such astonishing force as to cut away all the underwood around it with the facility of a scythe mowing grass, and, flouncing with its tail, made the mud and dirt fly over their heads to a considerable distance. This commotion seems to have sent the party to the right about; for they took to their heels, and crawled into the canoe. David, however, entreated the captain to renew the charge, assuring him that the snake would be quiet in a few minutes, and that it was neither able nor inclined to pursue them, supporting his opinion by walking before the captain till the latter should be ready to fire.

They now found the snake a little removed from its former station, very quiet, with its head as before, lying out among the fallen leaves, rotten bark, and old moss. Stedman fired it immediately, but with no better success than at first; and the enraged animal, being but slightly wounded by the second shot, sent up such a cloud of dust and dirt as the captain had never seen, except in a whirlwind; and away they all again retreated to their canoe. Tired of the exploit, Stedman gave orders to tow toward the barge; but the persevering David still entreating that he might be permitted to kill the reptile, the captain determined to make a third and last attempt in his company; and they this time directed their fire with such effect that the snake was shot by one of them through its eye.

Such instances of good-will toward man, combined with the periodical renovation of youthful appearance, by a change of the whole external skin, and the character of the serpent for wisdom, contributed, doubtless, to raise the form to a place among the deities.

Their aptitude for tameness was another quality which aided their elevation. The little girl mentioned by Maria Edgeworth, of blessed memory, took out her little porringer daily to share her breakfast with a friendly snake that came from its hiding-place to her call; and when the guest intruded beyond the due limits, she would give it a tap on the head with her spoon, and the admonition, "Eat on your own side, I say."

A lad whom I knew kept a common snake in London, which he had rendered so tame that it was quite at ease with him, and very fond of its master. When taken out of its box, it would creep up his sleeve, come out at the top, wind itself carelessly about his neck and face, and when tired retire to sleep in his bosom.

Carver, in his travels relates an instance of dexterity, which, if true, surpasses any story of the kind I ever heard.

An Indian belonging to the Menomic, having taken a rattle-snake, found means to tame it; and when he had done this treated it as a deity, calling it his great father; and carrying it with him in a box wherever he went. This he had done for several summers, when Mons. Plannise accidentally met with him at this carrying place, just as he was setting off for a winter's hunt. The French gentleman was surprised one day to see the Indian place the box which contained his god on the ground, and opening the door, give him his liberty; telling him, while he did it, to be sure and return by the time he himself should come back, which was to be in the month of May following. As this was but October, Monsieur told the Indian, whose simplicity astonished him, that he fancied he might wait long enough, when May arrived, for the arrival of his great father. The Indian was so confident of his creature's obedience, that he offered to lay the Frenchman a wager of two gallons of rum, that at the time appointed he would come and crawl into his box. This was agreed on, and the second week in May following fixed for the determination of the wager. At that period they both met there again, when the Indian set down his box, and called for his great father. The snake heard him not; and the time being now expired, he acknowledged that he had lost. However,

One of the most curious accounts of the benefits derived by a man from the serpent race, is related by Kircher (see Mrs. Weston), where it is stated that near the village of Sutro, about

eight miles from the city of Bracciano, in Italy, there is a hole, or cavern, called *la Grotta delle Serpi*, which is large enough to contain two men, and is all perforated with small holes like a sieve. From these holes, in the beginning of spring, issue a prodigious number of small, different-colored serpents, of which every year produces a new brood, but such seem to have no poisonous quality. Such persons as are afflicted with scurvy, leprosy, palsy, gout, and other ills to which flesh is heir, were laid down naked in the cavern, and their bodies being subjected to copious sweat from the heat of the subterraneous vapors, the young serpents were said to fasten themselves on every part and extract by sucking every diseased or vitiated humor; so that after some repetitions of this treatment, the patients were restored to perfect health.

Kircher, who visited this cave, found it warm, and answering, in every way, the description he had of it. He saw the holes, heard a murmur, hissing noise in them, and, though he owns that he missed seeing the serpents, it not being the season of their creeping out, yet he saw great numbers of their exuviae, or sloughs, and an elm growing hard by laden with them.

The discovery of this air Schlangenbad, was said to have been made by a leper going from Rome to some baths near this place, who, fortunately, losing his way, and being benighted, turned into this cave. Finding it very warm, and being very weary, he pulled off his clothes, and fell into such a deep sleep that he did not feel the serpents about him till they had wrought his cure.

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Those wonderful galleries, then, which Crilon pronounced worthy of the Roman, were suggested by Sergeant Ince, of the Sappers and Miners. He, indeed, superintended many of the excavations, laboring night and day, like the Russians at Sebastopol, not only to repair the shattered works, but to execute them. New bastions of solid masonry were erected while the bombardment actually went on, and every now and then fresh lines of artillery flashed from embrasures where, a few hours previously, there had been a surface of living rock.

Meanwhile, the besiegers, convinced that they could neither starve out the garrison nor subdue it, determined to lift half Gibraltar from its foundations by a tremendous blast of gunpowder,—a blast to which the fire that opened Corinth to its foes would have been as a spark. Their design was nothing less than that of blowing into the sea a perpendicular precipice, 1,400 feet in height. The garrison, informed of this design, sought to defeat it; but no one could detect the miners at their work.

At length, a daring sergeant undertook, in Burke's phrase, to "make them bolt out of their holes." Anxious to ascertain the cause of so much activity at the Devil's Tower, he descended the steep and rugged rock by means of ropes and ladders. The attempt was as bold as it was hazardous. Stopped by an opening very near to the base of the cliff, he explored the entrance, and, hearing the hum of voices and the strokes of hammers and picks, he was well assured of their purpose. Climbing the steep again, he reported what he had discovered. In consequence of this information a stricter watch was kept upon the Tower, to prevent communication between it and the rock. Hand-grenades and weighty fragments of stone were frequently hurled from above to terrify the miners and choke up the entrance to the gallery; and, though these means did not make them relinquish their project, it yet greatly interrupted its progress.

A nose on Nozca.—It was Napoleon who said, "Strange as it may appear, when I want any good hard-work done, I choose a man, provided his education has been suitable, with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, and his brain, as well as his lungs and heart, cool and clear. In my observations of men, I have almost invariably found a long nose and head go together."

Circumstantial Evidence.

The following anecdote, apropos of the gold medals—some of them of great value—which the French government is distributing to the members of the International Jury and others, is related by the French correspondent of the *Courier des Etats Unis*.

The scene is laid in a drawing room in Paris. One of the company was showing a gold medal which had been awarded him, and which was worth five thousand francs. The medal passed from hand to hand, and when, half an hour afterwards, the owner asked for it again, it could not be found. Every nook and corner was searched, but in vain. This sudden disappearance produced considerable agitation in the company, which was select but numerous, and finally some proposed that every one should be searched, the men by men and the women by the women. All these persons present eagerly signified their assent, with the exception of a single individual, who had been present that very night for the first time in the house. This man declared very calmly, but very decidedly, that he could not consent to be searched. The effect these words produced may easily be imagined. It was no longer doubted that he was the robber, and the gentleman who introduced him was more dead than alive.

The master of the house was about turning the supposed thief into the street, and the owner of the medal had already entreated the company to forget the circumstance, when a lady having risen from her seat, lo! the missing medal suddenly fell out of one of the flounces of her dress, into which it had accidentally slipped and buried itself. The sensation produced by this sudden denouement was prodigious. A cry of joyful surprise resounded throughout the room. The individual suspected of the theft was declared innocent.

Renouncing theron the stoical calmness verging on indifference, which had hitherto characterized his demeanor, "This," said he, "gentlemen, is the explanation of my conduct, which doubtless seemed to you inexplicable. If I did not consent to be searched, it was because I was a stranger to every one present, with one exception, and because by a strange coincidence—so strange that no one would have believed it possible—I had on my person a medal exactly similar to the one that was lost." He then produced the medal, which, if it had been found on him, would have ruined him a quarter of an hour before, but which was now but an additional proof of his innocence. This incident which I witnessed, is but another proof of the uncertainty of human judgments.

The Basin of the Atlantic.

Modern science has made many discoveries in relation to the ocean, its depths and its beds or basins. According to Mr. Charles R. Webb, who recently made a tour through the United States and Canada, the vast wood meadows of the Atlantic, which cover a space several times as large as France, teem with life, and deep sea-soundings which reveal the sea-floor of the greatest depths, show that the bottom of the ocean is frequently paved with calcareous and siliceous shells. The Atlantic basin is a vast trough, bounded on one side by America, and on the other side by Africa, and rising out of this trough are mountains higher than the loftiest Himalayans, from peak to peak, of which huge whales hold their course with the same precision with which eagles pass from crag to crag, valleys deeper than any trodden by the foot of man, within whose cozy folds the great waters lie in perpetual repose. Depths have been sounded in the Atlantic greater than any mountain above the elevation of its surface.

Another modern writer, speaking of the great basin says, that could its waters be drawn off, so as to expose this great chasm, which separates continents and extends from the Arctic to the Antarctic, it would present a scene rugged and grand beyond description. The very rise of the solid earth would be brought to

light, and we should behold at one view, in the mighty cradle of the ocean, the sad remains of a thousand fearful wrecks, their countless human skulls buried in heaps of pearl and inestimable stones, which lie concealed forever upon the bottom of the deep. From the top of the Chimborazo to the bottom of the Atlantic, at the deepest place yet reached by the plummet in a vertical line, is nine miles. The deepest part of the North Atlantic is probably somewhere between the Bermudas and Grand Rapids. The waters of the Gulf of Mexico are held in the basin whose greatest depth is about a mile.

The Arctic Regions.

It is impossible, from anything we are yet in possession of, to form an opinion as to what exists beyond the parallel of 82 deg. 30 min. north, or beyond that of eighty degrees of latitude south.

The north magnetic pole has been discovered and examined. It is elevated but a little above tide, in lat. about 70 deg. N., long. about 98 deg. W. The magnetic pole of the Antarctic has not been reached, for it is walled in by ice, and is situated in lofty mountains not yet explored; its position, however, is further from the equator than the north magnetic pole, and is in the vicinity of two lofty mountains, in which volcanoes are in an active state at an elevation of more than ten thousand feet above the sea.

The atmosphere of the Arctic is unlike our atmosphere. Lieut. Parry, when on Melville Island in the winter of 1819-20, lat. about 75 deg. N., long. about 111 deg. W., says:

"We had frequent occasion in our walks on shore to mark the deception which takes place in estimating the distance and magnitude of objects when viewed over an unvaried surface of snow. It was not uncommon for us to direct our steps towards what was taken to be a large mass of stone at the distance of half a mile, but which we were able to take up in our hand after one minute's walk. This was more particularly the case when ascending the brow of a hill, nor did we find that the deception became less on account of the frequency with which we experienced its effects."

AN INCH OF RAIN ON THE ATLANTIC.—Lientenant Maury, in his *Physical Geography of the Sea* computes the effect of a single inch of rain falling upon the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic includes an area of twenty-five millions of square miles. Suppose an inch of rain to fall upon only one-fifth of this vast expanse. "It would weigh," says our author, "three hundred and sixty thousand millions of tons; and the salt which, as water, it held in solution in the sea, and which, when the water was taken up as vapor, was left behind to disturb the equilibrium, weighed sixteen millions more tons, or nearly twice as much as all the ships in the world could carry at a cargo each. It might fall in a day; but occupy what time it might in falling, the rain is calculated to exert so much force—which is inconceivably great—in disturbing the equilibrium of the ocean. If all the water discharged by the Mississippi River during the year were taken up in one mighty measure, and cast into the ocean at one effort, it would not make a greater disturbance in the equilibrium of the sea than would the fall of ruin supposed. And yet, so gentle are the operations of nature, that movements so vast are unperceived."

THE WORLD SURROUNDED BY THE STARS AND SHADOWS.—The American tonnage of this country now figures up 5,400,000 tons, and will make the very respectable fleet of 5,400 ships of 1,000 tons each. And if the tonnage of the fleet be figured out in Yankee clippers of 300 tons each, and placed on the equatorial line, round this globe, each skipper may speak to the next line, by raising his voice a little above the ordinary pitch on shipboard, round the whole circumference of the globe. War would be a terrible calamity to this immense fleet, and England would not fare better, with her commercial marine of 5,000,000, but little less than our own.—[Providence Journ.

THE WESTERN STANDARD.

be the great crisis for the Union and the constitution! There is nothing but the nigger question to fight about, and the war on that subject may be, as an Ohio delegate to the Know Nothing Convention said, "a war to the knife." The ball is opened. Who can predict the result?—[N. Y. Herald.]

ARREST OF A FILLIBUSTER.

A man by the name of Wm. O'Brien has been arrested in the city of New York on the charge of having enlisted twenty men in Philadelphia and bringing them on to New York for enlistment in the army of Gen. Walker at Nicaragua. He was taken before a U. S. Commissioner in Philadelphia, and held to bail in \$2,000 for an examination. This O'Brien is the man on whose information the Kinney expeditionists were arrested.

THE MISSING STEAMER.

There are no tidings of the Pacific. She was forty-two days out from Liverpool when the *Baltic* arrived in New York. There were forty-five passengers on board and the officers and crew numbered one hundred and forty-one, all told.

A HEAVY DEFALCATION.

Col. Garland, the City Treasurer of New Orleans, is a defaulter to the extent of \$200,000. The treasury office is closed in consequence of the defalcation.

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD FOR DESERTING SOLDIERS.

Since General Pierce has ordered the United States troops into Kansas, we learn that every facility is to be furnished for our deserting soldiers.

The soldiers did not enlist for any such fraternal war. They enlisted to fight the enemies and not the friends of liberty.

The first gun ordered to be fired will be a signal for general desertion to Canada.

Anti-Nebraska papers are being sent to all our soldiers to warn them in advance that they are to be used to fight the battles of negro drivers.—[Chicago Dem. Feb. 20.]

FROM EUROPE.

By the arrival of the *Baltic* at New York, we have dates from Liverpool to Feb. 4—four days later than brought by the *America*.

THE LONDON TIMES ON MR. SEWARD'S SPEECH. In reviewing Mr. Seward's speech, the *London Times* says that England will not give up the smallest of her rights to American clamor.

THE WAR.

From the Crimea there is no news of interest. On the 29th Jan. a surprise had been attempted against the allies, but it was discovered and defeated by the French. It seems, however, to have been but a trifling affair.

At Zugdidi, in Asia Minor, a slight advantage had been gained by the Russians over a Turkish battalion, in which the latter lost all their guns and baggage.

A NEW LOAN.

England is about to contract a new loan of \$100,000,000.

DUTCH TREATY WITH JAPAN.

The Dutch have concluded an important treaty with Japan, which gives them privileges denied to England and the United States.

CONGRESS AT PARIS.

The Peace Conferences were to meet on the 18th; but owing to the non-arrival of Count Buol and Ali Pacha, it was thought that the meeting would be postponed until the 21st.

France and Austria were reported to have come to an understanding on the fifth point, in order to out-vote England if she attempted to make the disarming of the Eastern coast of the Black Sea a *sine qua non*. They will, however, concur with England as to the non- fortification of the Aland Isles. Thus before the Plenopontaries assemble we have indications of the differences which are likely to divide them. The *London Times* betrays great anxiety on the subject of England's success in the Conferences.

Four days later intelligence from Europe is that all the peace Plenopontaries had arrived in Paris, and the Conferences were to open on the 23d ult.

THE ARMISTICE.

It is affirmed that one of the first acts of the Conference will be to agree to an armistice.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH ALLIANCE.

The London *Morning Post*, the special organ of Lord Palmerston, denies that there is any truth in the assertion that Louis Napoleon was likely to pursue any course which would separate the interests of France from those of England or impair the cordiality of the alliance. Letters from St. Petersburg, on the other hand, affirm that there is a decided French feeling prevailing in political circles there.

RUSSIA ON THE FIFTH POINT.

The Russian Cabinet has addressed a circular dispatch to all its diplomatic agents abroad, in which, although its general tone is moderate, it plainly intimates that Russia will not consent to any cession of territory that may be contemplated by the fifth point, or to pay any indemnity for the war.

PREPARATIONS OF ENGLAND FOR WAR WITH THE UNITED STATES.

Large bodies of troops are to be sent out to Canada from England, in order to be prepared for any difficulty with this country.

ANTI-WAR FEELING IN ENGLAND.

The tone of the English press is much improved in reference to the subjects of difference, and the general feeling in England appears to be decidedly unfavorable to the position assumed by the British Government on the anti-slavery question.

For the Western Standard. Receipt for the Nose-bleed.

Mr. Editor:—Enclosed find my bill for the nose-bleed.

IMMUCH as most men, and more especially children, have been troubled at times with the nose-bleed, I hereby transmit you a receipt which my brother William T., accidentally discovered upwards of a year since. Having suffered the loss of many gallons of blood, as well as weeks of time with bleeding at the nose, I have tested the matter with both myself and children, and know it to be an easy, sure and quick remedy. From one to five minutes will stop the most obstinate case I ever saw; indeed, I am led to believe a chronic case could be cured in that manner. Here it is:

With your thumb of fingers, press in the outside of the nostril tightly against the partition, just below the bone of the nose, pressing upwards at the same time.

If one is warm, it takes longer to stop it, than when one is cool. The process stops the flow of blood, and I presume causes it to thicken at the extremity of the vein; hence the cure.

Truly yours, J. M. HORNER.

City Items.

A petition, signed by a large number of policemen, has been addressed to the City Treasurer of New Orleans, requesting him to immediately withdraw the funds of the city of San Francisco from the banking house of Messrs. Palmer, Cook & Co., and place and keep them in his own possession at the City Hall. Three reasons have been assigned for this movement, viz:

First, For fear that the funds of the city now in their hands may be enjoyed by the large holders of the city scrip, and endless litigation be the result.

Second, that P. C. & Co., as report says, had great difficulty in raising the funds to pay to Receiver General, of Adams & Co.

And lastly, The firm of P. C. & Co., may fall.

MR. JOSEPH KINGSBURY, associate editor of the *Evening Journal*, was knocked down and brutally beaten on Wednesday afternoon, by a man of the name of Werth. The cause of the attack is said to be a pugnacious article in the *Journal*, written by Kingsbury, reflecting upon the character of Mr. Werth.

A correspondent writing to the *Placer Herald* from Newton last week, says, the miners are bringing in the gold dust, but water is getting scarce and rain is much needed.

The little rain, says the *Placer Herald* of the 22d, has improved the appearance of the crops very much in our farming districts.

FOUR MURKIN.—Frank Mellen, an old Scotchman, a resident of Monterey, was found dead on Monday last in the dock at Vallejo street Wharf, by a boatman named Charles Hansen. Deceased was third officer on board the steamer *John L. Stephens*. When last seen he was intoxicated, walking along East street.

THE TRIAL OF FREDERICK RUGG, second mate of the *Anglo Saxon*, indicted for cruel and unusual punishment of Michael Harvey, one of the crew of said ship, was taken up on Thursday, before Judge Hoffman. After the arguments of counsel, and a brief charge from the Court, the jury retired, and after a few minutes absence, returned a verdict of guilty.

THE TRIAL OF MICHAEL HARVEY, one of the crew of the *Anglo Saxon*, for cruel and unusual punishment of Frederick Rugg, second mate of the *Anglo Saxon*, was adjourned to the 21st.

THE PEACE CONFERENCES.—Information reached town last Wednesday, that a quarrel about some horses, near San Antonio Mission, Pedro Garcia of San Barnabe rancho got into a fight with a Californian from Los Angeles named Tapia, and that Garcia killed his antagonist whom he had accused of stealing his horses. In the scuffle a Mexican named Oso, who was trying to rescue Garcia, was severely wounded, and was left unconscious.

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THE WESTERN STANDARD.

Bison Hunting in the Wilds of Mexico.

JOAQUIN then rushed off in the direction of the flock of cibolos, whose distant bellowing came to us with the breeze. I remained standing on the edge of the river, in order to lose nothing of the interesting sight promised me.

The hunter began by making a great circuit, clearing with imperturbable ease the prickly fig trees and the inequalities of ground, with which the plain was studded. The horse seemed rather to fly than run, and neighed joyfully; the rider then disappeared behind a hill of some little elevation. Meanwhile, the buccaneer's daring companion had set in the ground a willow branch, surmounted by a checked scarlet handkerchief. I asked if this was a signal for his comrade. "No," replied the hunter; "bisons are like bulls, red irritates them. If Joaquin gets away one or two, this handkerchief will infallibly attract them here, and we can then kill them. Be careful to aim at their muzzles at the moment they spring on us." "Is it then indispensable?" I asked the buccaneer, "to attract them just here?" "It is my trade," replied the buccaneer, who, like Matasiete, forgot that I was not a hunter by profession. As he ceased speaking, we remarked a sort of shudder and agitation in the ranks of the flock of bisons which covered the lower slopes of the hill behind which Joaquin had disappeared. The rash hunter had just ascended the opposite height. When he reached the summit, he uttered two shrill screams, which were answered by prolonged roarings, then rushed from top to bottom of the hill, like a piece of rock breaking away, and disappeared amid that thick forest of horns and black manes. The frightened flock made an alarming movement towards our signals; but soon dispersed in various directions, broken up into numerous groups. I then saw Joaquin, safe and sound, gallop into the midst of the space he had cleared.

Two bisons, of gigantic size seemed the leaders of one of the columns detached from the principal flock, and the hunter seemed to direct his attacks against these two monstrous beasts. Hovering in the rear of the battalion, with a lightness and audacity almost miraculous, Joaquin by turns appeared and disappeared, without the two leaders quitting their companions. At last there was an almost imperceptible space left between the little troop and its buffalo conductors. Swift lightning, the hunter rushed into it; but either he had presumed too much on the agility of his horse, or it was a scheme of his ferocious antagonists, for I saw, with inexpressible anguish, the living waves for a moment divided, close again, and the unfortunate buccaneer pressed, as in a gulf, whose yawning mouth had suddenly closed upon him. I forgot the horse to think only of the man, and I exchanged a look full of anxiety with poor Joaquin's companion. The bronzed cheeks of the hunter were tinged with a death-like paleness; rifle in hand he was about to rush to the assistance of his comrade, when he uttered a scream of joy and stopped short. Violently pressed between the horns of two bisons who had at last left the column they headed, Joaquin was standing on his horse, who was protected from their horns by the thick woolen blanket wrapped round him. Whilst the compact group was thus advancing towards us, the buccaneer drew out his rapier, put one foot on the bison's woolly shoulder, stabbed him, and, as the animal made a last effort not to die unrevenged, he sprung hastily to the ground. It was time, for at that moment my poor horse, lifted up by the bison's head, fell to the earth with great violence. This saved him. He thus escaped from his two enemies; and almost immediately getting up, he galloped off, pursued by the two cibolos. Joaquin ran along in a parallel line with his steed, whose reins he had never lost hold of, gradually came close up to him, seized his horse's mane, gave a spring, and seated himself in his saddle with a shout of triumph.

"Our turn comes now!" said the hunter, who had remained with me, taking up his post at sight of the two bisons, who, intent on the pursuit of the horse and its rider, came towards us at an unsteady pace, whilst the rest of the flock, deprived of its two leaders, took flight among the hills. We threw ourselves on our stomachs on the sloping bank of the river, and awaited the two cibolos, who, discouraged, stood for a second, bellowing with rage, and tearing the ground with their horns. The buccaneer then shook violently the scarlet handkerchief at the end of his stick. At sight of the detected color, the two animals seemed to salute with ferocious joy an object which at least did not fly from their attack: they sprang towards us. Joaquin had ridden off; his part was played. It would be difficult to form an idea of the terrible aspect of the wounded bison. At each movement streams of blood poured from him, dyeing the waves of his black mane; a bloody foam reddened his nostrils, the formidable mortising of which came gradually nearer to us. The other bison preceded him, gazing with his stupid and ferocious eyes at the handkerchief, which the breeze of the river alone stirred; for the hunter had, like myself, his rifle in his hand. A minute more, and we should have had to defend ourselves from these two irritated beasts. Fortunately, a few seconds later the wounded bison fell heavily and expired. "Fire!" exclaimed the hunter. Hit in the head by three bullets, the other bison stopped, fell, and struck against the earth, almost at the top of the bank which protected us. Joaquin trotted up

to us, cool, and smiling like the horseman in the ring, who has been displaying all the qualities of his horse.—*Fraser's Mag.*

Thrilling Adventure.

SOME of the episodes encountered during Dr. Kane's search, have wild interest. At one time it became necessary to send a fatigued party, with provisions, to assist the main party under Dr. Kane, in an attempted passage across Smith's Sound. This party was under the command of Mr. Brooks, first officer of the expedition. He was accompanied by Mr. Wilson, and other volunteers. During their travel they found the ice completely impenetrable, and a snow drift at last swept wildly over the floes, and in the midst of a heavy gale from the north, the thermometer, to their dismay, sunk to 57 degrees below zero.

Human nature could not support the terrible cold. Four of the party, including Mr. Brooks and Mr. Wilson, were prostrated with frozen feet, and with difficulty, three or four of their companions, after encountering great suffering, reached the ship, and announced the condition of their comrades. Their chances of being rescued seemed exceedingly small.

They were in the wilderness of snow, incapable of motion, protected only by a canvas tent, and with no landmarks by which their position could be known. Even to drag these maimed men would have been under ordinary circumstances, a work of difficulty; but to the slender party left at the ship it seemed impossible. Dr. Kane, with the boldness and courage which justified the warm attachment felt towards him by all under his command, in less than one hour organized a recruiting party, leaving on board only those who were necessary to relieve the sick, and started off in the teeth of a terrible gale, steering by compass, to rescue the sufferers.

After nineteen hours constant travel, during which two of the party fainted, and others required to be kept from sleep by force, they struck the trail of the lost party, and finally, staggering under their burdens, one by one reached the tent, which was almost hidden by the snow.

The scene as Dr. Kane, entered the tent, was affecting beyond description. The party burst into tears.

A blubber fire was immediately built, pemmican cooked, and the party ate for the first time after leaving the vessel. Ice was also melted, they having been to this time without drink.

Worn out as they were, but four hours were allowed for the halt. The maimed of the frozen were sewed up in buffalo robes, placed on sledges, and dragged along by their companions, Dr. Kane walking in advance and picking the track. Cold of the utmost severity again overtook them. Bonsal and Merton, and even the Esquimaux boy, Hance, sunk upon the snow with sleep. It was only by force that they were aroused and made to proceed, as the cold seemed to have destroyed all conception of danger. A large bear met on their way, was fortunately scared off by Dr. by a wave of the hand.

They reached the ship after a walk of sixty-two hours, still dragging their companions behind them, but insensible. Dr. Hayes, the intelligent surgeon of the ship, from whom is got these particulars of this fearful adventure, received the returning party. Two of the number died of their injuries, and two others underwent amputation, and are now restored to perfect health. The condition of those who dragged the sick was most lamentable. Their memory for a time was entirely gone, and the ship, in the midst of uttering delirium, resembled an hospital. The surgeon, and one remaining attendant, were in sole charge of the ship. In this state of semi-madness the sick remained for two or three days, but afterwards they entirely recovered, and the party under Dr. Kane started three weeks afterwards and resumed their labors in the field.

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